Jovial Tom of all Trads,

OR, The Various Cries of *London*-City.

{Ye Noble-Hearted Jolly Blades, this truth of me you have; } { } {Tho' TOM be of so many Trades, he scorns to play the Knave. }

To the Tune of, A Begging we will go. This may be Printed R. P.

My name is Tom of all Trades,
I range the Land about,
And have good store of trading,
let who's will go without:
And a trading I will go,
i'le go, i'le go,
And a trading I will go.

I am a Chimny-Sweeper,
as black as any Cole,
I call up Maids a mornings,
to sweep their smoaky hole:
And a trading, &c.

Sometimes I am a Tinker,
and on my Pans I play,
Sometimes I am a Cooper,
to stop the Water-gap,
And a trading, &c.

I am a Coster-Monger,
and through the Street I cry,
My curious fruit without dispute,
will make you Apple-pye:
And a trading I will go,
will go, will go,
And a trading I will go.

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I am a brave Shoo-maker,
and one of Crispins crew,
And has within my Budget,
the bones of old Sir Hugh:
And a trading, &c.

I sell both Tape and Fillet,
with Codpiss, points, and pins,
With ends of Gold and Silver,
maids sell your Coney-skins,
And a-trading, &c.

Here's dainty Hamp-Shire Honey,
for why the case is thus,
I fain would take some money,
to fill my empty purse:
And a trading, &c.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
a calling much in use,
Well furnished with Cabbidge,
besides a roasted Goose:
And a trading, &c.

Sometimes I am a Broom-man
old shooes, or boots, or hats,
But in the Winter Season,
I'le furnish you with Spyats:
And a trading, &c.

Old Vials I am for buying,
when profit I can find,
Sometimes I come still crying,
your knives and Sheers to grind,
And a trading, &c.

Sometimes I am a Mountebank,
and make a rebel rout,
With plaisters for your Corns Sir,
and Pills to cure the gout:
And a trading, &c.

Sometimes I am a Sharper,
when other trading falls,
And then again a Barber,
see hear my washing-Balls,
And a trading, &c.

There's no one can be riper,
then I for these affairs,
Sometimes I am a Piper,
I play before the Bears:
And a trading, &c.

But yet for all those callings,
I am a *Miller* born,
And out of e'ry Bushel,
I pinch a peck of Corn,
And a trading, &c.

Farewel tis time in reason,
to bid you all adieu,
I'le find another season,
to come and visit you:
And a trading I will go,
i'le go, i'le go,
And a trading I will go.

FINIS.

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